did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods, that vvinter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
VVhere our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high estate.

VVell

Well sayling ships, and bounteous windes haue b
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleo
at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the toombe, w
makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mi
parts.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle sh
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,
On whom foule death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she cald, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part of th'earth
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares she'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered